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of mediæval Catholic Christianity with which it was at first mixed in so large proportions. The obvious inference is that the German element in Protestantism will triumph completely over every foreign admixture, whether Romanism, Hellenism, or Semitism.

The purely human and universal essence of Christianity, the ideal religion of humanity, the religion of Jesus (according to Paul "the divine man," according to John "divine logos"), will be bound up with German nature much more closely when it is freed from the Oriental forms derived from successive national incarnations in Semitism, Hellenism, and Romanism. The ideal, ethically religious spirit of Christianity will receive glorious embodiment through reciprocal penetration with the noble German nature, which will attain thereby its most sublime moral spiritualization.

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PHILANTHROPY AND MORALITY.*

THERE is a widely-diffused notion nowadays that in our relations with our fellow-men we have simply to wish them well and to do them good, and that this is a perfectly simple and easy matter. The popular demand is for "practical" beneficence as opposed to a charity based upon "theory." It is assumed that what sets men at odds is the fruitless and age-long controversy about "ultimate truths and abstract propositions;" that if men would only devote themselves to doing good they would all fall into line and the sufferings of the world would be removed. The "service of humanity" is set forward as a substitute for adherence to creeds and dogmas and formularies of devotion, or the development of ethical systems. "Conduct is three-fourths of life," it is said, "and conduct has to do with people about us. The out-

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worn theologies of the past have drawn off the energies of men in vain attempts to know a God who is by His very nature unknowable, and fixed the attention of so-called believers on the task of saving their own souls rather than on making this world a little less wretched and needlessly miserable. Why should we any longer hamper ourselves with the uncertainties of religion or the subtleties of a rigorous moral code? Let us go and make the poor comfortable and happy, and leave the affairs of Heaven to be attended to when we get there." Words like these are on the lips of many people in our day and generation. I am sure there is much to justify them. I hope we all sympathize with the spirit that inspires them. I hope we see that it is the spirit of a generous impatience at empty phrases and unreal professions, hollow forms and barren speculations, the spirit of a hearty interest in the welfare of others, and the longing to use one's life in the cause of human improvement. With all this we do well to be in thorough accord. And yet it is worth while to ask whether there is not an error of thought involved in setting the "practical" against the theoretical, in assuming that men will continue to act unselfishly when the grounds for self-subdual and unselfishness have been forgotten or denied, in believing that a philanthropy that rests on no moral sanction and is guided by no light but its own can be a factor in social progress. This is the subject with which we have to deal.

If we press for a definition of the terms "philanthropy" and "morality," we can settle the question in short order. Taking the loose expression "doing good to people" as sufficiently descriptive of philanthropy, it will at once appear that what is meant by the phrase is "doing good to *all* people," not merely benefiting one class at the expense of another; and, of course, the doing good must be some permanent and real good, not the gratification of the desire of people for a passing pleasure. That is to say, philanthropy, even in its vaguest and most popular meaning, has for its end social progress, the continual development and self-realization of society. But the development of society involves the development of the individuals that make up society, and requires

that these individuals should become more clearly conscious of the relations that bind them together, and should voluntarily correspond with those relations. And this correspondence of the individual with the real and necessary relations in which he stands as a member of a universe of self-conscious beings is the very subject-matter of Ethics, or of Moral Science. Philanthropy requires that men should know themselves as bound together in a unity that imposes mutual services and duties. Morality is the illustration of those duties and the urging them home upon the individual conscience. Philanthropy would not be philanthropy if it did not make for human progress, and the progress of human society is the fulfilment of the moral law. The individual cannot come to his best save in a society that is moving forward to its true goal, and the advance of society depends upon the development of all the individuals that compose it. Thus a philanthropy that does not contribute to morality is false to its name. We will not linger now to ask more particularly what the conception of morality involves. It will serve a more immediate purpose if we aim to see in some detail how essential it is to bring the efforts of professed philanthropy constantly before the bar of morality, and to show how false is any so-called philanthropy that cannot approve itself there.

One corollary to the position taken can be stated at once. It is this, that *when a fundamental social injustice has come to be known and recognized, any efforts towards correcting special evils that are not contributive to the movement against the underlying wrong tend to become nugatory and abortive.* If that principle were to be generally accepted, a gauge would be furnished by which we could in some measure test the worth of any philanthropic movement in the direction of social reform and social progress, for all progress is on one side reform, since all progress is a passing out from a lower state of being, that, as the time for the higher state arrives, becomes not merely imperfect, but evil.

That there is some underlying wrong in our present civilization most of us feel, if we do not openly confess. The growing consciousness of it is the source of a vast deal of

the social unrest of the age in which we live. This is as true as that the fact that comparatively few men see where the wrong lies, and who is responsible for it, and therefore how it is to be set right, goes far to explain the confusions and blunders and fruitless struggles in the war between social classes. Still a great deal has been gained in having brought so many of all classes to own that there is a wrong to be righted. And if, as has just been said, the existence of that wrong is sufficient reason for the failure of the best-laid philanthropic schemes, we who call ourselves philanthropists can with better heart and less desire for concealment bear the exposure of our ill success.

Let us take first, then, the effect of what is to-day recognized as philanthropy upon the recipients of out-door relief. It is one of the axioms of modern charity that the state cannot dispense relief to people in their homes. The ruinous effect of the old English Poor Law, which was in force from 1790 to 1834, has settled that. The fatal effect of state relief in keeping wages below a living point, and in undermining the self-respect and desire for self-maintenance of the working classes, is one of the most familiar themes in the literature of modern sociology. Archbishop Whately says, "Men will do what you pay them to do; if you pay them to work they'll work, if you pay them to beg they'll beg." But after the mischievous character of state aid had been proved, the notion still held sway that private alms-giving would not pauperize, because, being voluntary, it cannot be counted upon as a certainty or claimed as a right. It was very soon discovered that this hopeful presage had to be modified by adding after "private alms-giving" the clause, "provided that such alms-giving does not overlap, and that investigation of the case is made by the trained officers of the Charity Organization Society." Yet even with this proviso I believe that the same evils, in somewhat less degree perhaps, will be found to flow from private as from public relief. To those who look at the matter from a distance, the differentiation of private from public charity is easy enough; but to the poor there is probably little sense of distinction between the agent of the

city or the county and the paid representative of a large charitable institution, except that one is more distinctly connected with the police in their minds than the other. In applying to both they have to anticipate being asked a great many questions that they don't want to answer, and that put a premium on lying,—successful lying,—and that bar the way to any sense of gratitude. In both cases they imagine that the treasury of the relief agency is practically unlimited, and that if they can only manage to be miserable and poor enough, its mighty forces will be set in motion on their behalf. In both cases the sight of some neighbor-family, apparently as well off as they are, drawing its partial or whole support from public or private alms, excites cupidity while it paralyzes all effort at self-support. And there seems to be hardly any degree of temporary suffering that human nature will not endure with the prospect of getting a living out of somebody else. In London, we are told, men secure an immunity from work for most of their lives by being periodically run over in the streets by the equipage of some wealthy and soft-hearted person. There are, of course, a great many small societies of one sort or another, that distribute doles and that are clearly differentiated, even by the poor, from the great relief agencies, either public or voluntary; but these, as developing in the poor the vices of flattery and religious hypocrisy, are not less demoralizing in their effects. Charity organization has done something to check this particular evil, but there seems little ground to hope that its influence will ever do more than check it slightly here and there. And the mischief spreads far beyond those who succeed in getting helped. The very existence of many of these charitable societies, whether "Associated" or not, is positively baneful and degrading; it keeps before the minds of the poor the dream of a life of dependence on others' bounty; it fosters the preaching of that travesty of the gospel, "alms-giving to the rich, and resignation to the poor;" it invests poverty with a kind of sentimental and sickly romance, and it makes many people, who might otherwise be cheerfully fulfilling the great and sacred law of self-respecting labor, regard their work as a

mere misfortune and do their stent with grudging spirit, one eye on their task, the other squinting aside to catch sight of some chance to imitate the higher classes and live on other people. And this very desire is lowering. Mrs. Lowell says, "Human nature is so constituted that no man can receive as a gift what he should earn by his own labor without a moral deterioration, and the presence in the community of certain persons living on public relief has the tendency to tempt others to sink to their degraded level."

"But," it may be objected, "in this sweeping condemnation of philanthropic endeavor to assuage the sufferings of the poor, you must certainly make an exception in favor of the many institutions which, in their various ways, are ministering to those who, as children, or old people, or invalids, cannot possibly take care of themselves." It seems a graceless task to say anything in disparagement of hospitals and orphan asylums and fresh-air funds and old people's homes. Few things in this weary world are as worthy of honor as the tender and loving care of little children, and I hold that there is hardly any profession or calling so noble as those of the physician and the trained nurse. Nor do I suppose that the time will ever come here-down when certain forms of mental and moral infirmity, as well as of physical disease, will not call for segregation in buildings separate from the homes of the community, and under the skilful treatment of practitioners specially educated for the purpose and furnished with means to do for their patients what could not be properly done in their own homes, or in private houses at all. But I have to deal with the question whether or not these various institutions, regarded as dispensers of charity, are a blessing or a curse. And, I ask, is it well that the family,—taking that word as including near relations, as much as father, mother, and children,—is it well that the family, which most of us probably regard as a necessary factor in social progress, should be relieved of the support of its dependent members? Is it to the advancement of morality, that the science and art of true human relations, that the poor, the toilers, the ignorant, those who must be taught by life rather than by books, should be re-

leased from the sense of responsibility for their own children or the children of their near kindred, of the maintenance of their own fathers and mothers or their grandparents, of tenderness to the sick and feeble and imbecile among their kith and kin? Can we complacently look forward to a time when only able-bodied individuals among the working-classes shall be at large, all the children, sick, and aged being grouped in institutions called, by a kind of refinement of cruelty and contempt of the divine appointment of the household, "homes"?

We, in our rank in society, do not consider it quite the thing to send away from our care and tenderness those members of our families who most need that care. And it is not only for the sake of those on whom we are so glad to wait. How much of the sweetness and brightness of our homes comes from those sick-beds and couches where lie patient sufferers ready to listen with loving sympathy to our tales of disappointment and ill success, bringing to the aid of our ruder faculties the quickened perceptions of spirits refined by long hours of pain, touching us to nobler issues, and sending us forth to endure with stouter hearts, as we carry with us the memory of calm, pale faces and the echo of faint but earnest tones. How many a mother, cut off by ill health from all active service, has ruled the hearts of headstrong boys and wilful girls from her sick-room. How many a little child has by its very helplessness kept soft a father's heart. Is it well that all this gracious influence should be taken out of the lives of the poor? It is of no use to say that the poor do not appreciate this poetical view of things. That is not true, to begin with; but if it were, it would only be an added reason against removing the very influence by which they may come to appreciate it.

Or fall back to lower levels and be severely practical. If the desire in our philanthropic endeavor is to "inculcate habits of providence and self-dependence," to make the poor diligent in their work, to give them an interest in the welfare and advancement of their country, surely it will be best not to remove from them the very incentives and motives that in all ages and lands have proved the most powerful in nerving men

to exertion and effort. The hope in a man's heart of having a home, whose roof may shelter father and mother when they are old, and where his children may grow up shielded from the dangers of the world, has been a potent factor in the progress of humanity; it has launched ships, and dared tempests, and felled forests, and conquered fierce and hostile tribes, and made the American nation. No philanthropy that weakens this motive, no philanthropy that does not aim at all costs to preserve and strengthen it, can contribute to social progress. But what of a philanthropy that erects Old Men's Homes, and Children's Folds, and Children's Nurseries, and tolerates tenement-houses (in the interest of landlord benefactors), and says nothing against the robbery from the people of the very earth on which alone their homes can be built? The appeal to men to fight and struggle, and die, if need be, in defence of their hearths, the gray hairs of their sires, and their children's lives, has rarely been made in vain. But what patriotism is to be expected from a man whose wife has died worn out by drudgery in a factory, whose parents are in the almshouse, whose boys and girls are growing up in an institution, and who himself lives from hand to mouth in a room from which he may be evicted in a week if he does not pay his rent?

Or take up the question of the moral effects of philanthropic institutions upon their inmates. Of course the most important side of this question is the moral effect of philanthropic institutions for children. Childhood is the formative time; it is then that every touch leaves its mark. "The child is father of the man," because the education of the child determines the bent of the after-life, determines to which of the countless experiences and impressions that will come to him he shall give heed, and which he shall ignore and forget. It is one of the common mistakes to suppose that only learned people have a philosophy. If by philosophy we mean a theory of life, some sort of principle on which facts are arranged, then there is no one possessed of reason who has not a philosophy, no matter how unconscious of it he may be. And it is in childhood that this theory of life is formed. It may be thought that the number of children in charitable institutions is too small and

their influence on society is too weak to make it necessary to take them into account in so general a discussion as this. But social progress must be judged, not by merely counting heads or considering majorities, but in asking what is the possibility put before the feeblest and the most obscure to live a true life and to realize the purpose of existence. And the number of children under public or private care is not so inconsiderable. In the State of New York, the number reported last year was twenty-nine thousand. These children will most of them go out into the community and marry; suppose them to have but three children apiece, and you have an aggregate of eighty-seven thousand, who may be expected to show something of the effect of the training that is now being given in the various orphan asylums and protectories of the Empire State. The question is, then, how far does this training make for morality. Of course I do not mean to say that in any case the education is intentionally immoral. I am sure we need not even contemplate such a horrible possibility as that. But that is a long way from saying that the teaching is bringing to these boys and girls all the force of moral example, all the inspiration of moral motive, all the infusion of moral strength, that they need.

The normal environment for the child is the family and the home. It were long to trace the subtle influences that there play in upon a young life, and it is not necessary; we all recognize them as existing: the sense of real and human relations with father and mother, brother and sister, and with a wider circle of those who are akin by blood; the *esprit de corps* of the household to which the child feels that he belongs and in which he soon begins to form an appreciable factor; the finding a basis for authority in one who is the author of his life; the chivalry called forth in the protection—even only the fancied protection—of mother and sister; the care and teaching of younger children; all these are as natural as air in the true family, but there is only the faintest shadow of them in the institution. Of course there is great difference between one and another form of asylum; where nine hundred boys, no girls, all of about the same age, or, if of different ages,

divided up and kept apart, the older from the younger (a measure that is often, no doubt, necessary, though the very necessity only serves to show the unnatural effect of institution-life), are brought together in one enclosure, taught and worked in gangs, turned out to play by scores or hundreds, put to sleep in dormitories where the long lines of beds stretch like lines of graves on either hand,—where the very names of the boys are laid aside and they are known only by numbers, where they are dressed alike, taught alike, fed alike, and when they appear in public form but units in a procession that excites the curiosity or the contempt or the pity of the passers-by,—there the very principles of the family and the home seem to be not only forgotten, but reversed. This trying to bring up children by machinery, indeed, is slowly disappearing, and a more rational method is taking its place. Here the children are broken up into groups in which those of different ages live together in a house with an older person as its head, and the older ones have even rooms of their own and some sense of individual personal possession; here there is at least the simulation of family relations and a possibility of the growth of mutual loyalty among the members of the little group, and so of gentle affections being developed. But even at the best it is almost out of the question to attempt to give these children anything of that feeling of responsibility for the maintenance and welfare of the asylum that nearly every child has for the support of the home, and that does so much to draw forth the energy of the growing boy or girl and make life and its interests, the household and its needs, the family and its relations, keen and vital and vivid in a child's mind. The "charity-child" (what a mockery the name is!) accepts his support as just as much a certainty as the course of nature; he expects his food and clothing as he expects day to follow night; he knows that he does nothing, can do nothing, needs to do nothing, to provide for his physical wants, and grows up to look upon his tasks as a necessity more or less disagreeable, for which he sees no particular reason in the nature of the world about him. Quite possibly he does not handle money at all; certainly he has very little

opportunity to know the worth of things, to understand that labor gives things value, and that price in some degree is the measure of work. Thus he knows nothing by practical experience of the processes of production or distribution, and grows up in a world as little like the one into which he will have to go out as Mr. Bellamy's fabled Utopia is unlike the world of to-day. Yet even that comparison is unfair, because Mr. Bellamy assumes that his socialistic state will be the creation of its members, that *all* the children will grow up under its paternal care, that therefore none will feel that they are cared for by the state as an act of grudging beneficence to the young of a dishonored and disinherited class. Under such conditions private charitable institutions for children would be unknown, and the debasing sense of entering upon life as a pauper would be rendered impossible. Opposed as I am to that system which is known among us as socialism, superficial as I believe its remedies to be, and impossible as I conceive it would prove to carry them out, without involving us in conditions yet more intolerable, yet I do not consider it in any way a part of my function in the world to apologize for the existing disorder and wrong. And while I acknowledge that voluntary philanthropic institutions for children often have many advantages over public institutions for the same purpose, it seems to me that they labor under one almost fatal difficulty: they are supported entirely by those whose interest it is that the existing social and industrial maladjustment should continue; they are therefore on the side of the very system that makes orphan asylums necessary.

The trustees and patrons and patronesses of the Home appear to the child as a kind of earthly providence, as beings from another world, who shower their gifts upon their suppliants beneath, and occasionally descend in their chariots with wonderful attendant angels in livery, to receive the admiring glances and grateful smiles of their clients, perchance to confer upon some particularly attractive child a kind of patent of nobility by some special notice and condescension. If anything were needed to enhance the child's reverence for these heavenly visitants, it would be found in the deep reverence

and obsequious servility with which their advent is anticipated and their favor sought by the authorities of the asylum, who at other times seem to the childish mind to be possessed of well-nigh unlimited power. What is the effect of this sort of bringing up? In the minds of the many, to generate a feeling of dependence and unreasoning submissiveness to anybody who wears good clothes and rides in a carriage,—a dispirited acquiescence in life-long inferiority to the rich,—this in the minds of the many; in a few of the keener and more intelligent, whose elasticity of mind prevents them from being reduced to a dull conformity of opinion, the result is an attitude of silent but bitter antagonism,—a warped and distorted view of society, under the influence of which they will look upon the rich as their natural enemies and oppressors. These two classes can be found in almost every large orphanage. While they remain there their characteristics do not show themselves, save in exceptional cases; there is an institutional morality, just as there is an institutional health; the children seem to be obedient and well. But there is no foundation of moral or of physical strength; they have grown up like plants under cover; once out in the open where the sun shines hot and the wind blows free, and they wither or bend. The first class become the helpless victims of circumstances; they drudge through their work in a dreamy and exasperatingly complacent fashion, equally unresisting and uninteresting; the nerve, the snap, the spring, seem to be gone; they feel a constant and depressing sense of inability to cope with a world so different from any they have ever known. Its rough irregular ways, its freedom and spontaneity, perplex them; they yield to cruelty or oppression without dreaming of opposing it; they resort to the weapons of the weak,—deception, secrecy, and reserve; if they are girls they are easily led astray, not always, by any means, through inherited taint or native badness, but from a long habit of unthinking surrender to any one who seems to be above them. If father or mother be living, that strange mysterious bond between parent and child may assert itself, and once more unite them to the world; but if there be no close relatives, the years in the asylum have

probably made too deep a breach between them and more distant kindred for the tie to mean anything particular. Thus they are really adrift in the world, and they naturally become the dupes and victims of the aggressive and determined among either the rich or the poor. After a few years they find their way back to institution-life again,—only this time it is the penitentiary, the reformatory, or the workhouse, instead of the orphan asylum. Poor, helpless sheep, fleeced and shivering, it is like getting into the fold again. If the fare is coarser and the regimen stricter, they themselves are coarser and harder to stand it. Once more they can throw off responsibility for food, or lodging, or raiment; once more the regular hours break up the day, and bolts and bars, though they limit locomotion, assure them of the uselessness of being anything but machines.

The race run by those of the second class, the bolder spirits, is usually shorter still. Society has, as they think, thrown down the gage to them, and they take it up. Life is for them a desperate struggle for reprisals from the community which has robbed their childhood of a home. In the orphanage they were the leaders in any scheme of mischief that was from time to time attempted; in the world they find a larger field for their ingenuity and daring. They become, if men, the dangerous criminals, the marauders and cut-throats, the sturdy beggars and more reckless tramps; if women, the adventureuses and betrayers of other women. But society usually proves too much for them, and has them under lock and key before long, giving them a chance to recover from dissipation, and devise new schemes of deviltry when their term in prison is over. In one respect both classes are alike; the sense of corporate life, of oneness with humanity, of fellowship, is wanting; and so the very foundation and groundwork of morality has not been laid.

I am perfectly aware that facts will be adduced to show that I am unjust in this description; I should be unjust if I meant to assert that all "charity children" go to the bad, or that there are not in almost every institution counterbalancing influences that often materially modify the tendency of the system to

drag down the inmates, and so largely neutralize the evil. As there are in almost every religion men better than their creed, so there are in every form of philanthropy men and women better than the system they represent and administer. There are in children's homes teachers and keepers who pour out a wealth of love upon their charge, and win them to goodness by the beauty of it in their own words and deeds,—who build up even in these tardily responsive natures the sense of a wide and all-embracing love,—a love that encircles and unites humanity, because it is the presence in humanity of God, the Infinite Love. There are ties of affection that prove as firm and lasting as ties of blood. All this is true; I rejoice that it is; but we cannot judge of the effect of an institution by that which is accidental to it. That was the sort of reasoning that forty years ago justified chattel slavery, owing to exceptional instances of benevolent masters who made their slaves happy and tried to make them good. In the description I have tried to bring before you, what was the legitimate outcome of the system where other elements did not come in to interfere? Those of you who are familiar with the history of English orphanages will know that the picture is not a fancy sketch. Most of us have not quite forgotten our Oliver Twist. And it is the calm conclusion of many modern philanthropists that any home, however poor, even if it is not entirely clean,—any home, so long as it is not actually vicious,—is a better place for a child to grow up in than the most perfectly appointed and well regulated orphan asylum, furnished with all the modern improvements.

In the movement of industrial training and social settlements there is little danger of pauperization in the ordinary sense of the word, of sapping energy, or of fostering habits of indolence. Yet one cautionary word may find place. Just so far as, in this sharing with the poor of even the best gifts, we feel that we are doing them a favor,—something that evidences our own magnanimity and for which they are to be correspondingly grateful,—we are allowing the baneful element of "charity" to enter in. We need to remind ourselves from time to time that it would be only a fulfilment of

our hopes if a day should come when, as we now establish college-settlements among the poor to teach them music and painting, they will establish trade-settlements among us and teach us the altogether noble arts of iron-moulding, weaving, and tailoring. Perhaps by that time there will be some arts they will *not* teach us, because they will have forgotten them as we shall have forgotten our supposed need of them.

There is not space to examine the relation to morality of present forms of philanthropy in the treatment of the criminal classes, but one suggestion I desire to make. It is, that the philanthropy which attempts to uplift these victims of self-indulgence and self-will must depend very largely upon awakening and stimulating the social instinct, upon exciting the impulse to do something for others. Mental and moral aberration are nearly allied: in one the mind, in the other the will, is centred upon self; but the line between them often eludes the most discerning scrutiny. Our modern method of treating insanity is to seek to draw the patient out of his isolation, to bring him into natural and healthful relations with others. In our dealing with moral disease this has not been used as much as it will be by and by. Where it has been tried the results have often been beyond expectation. Why should they not? Is not man raised rather by the power of self-sacrifice that links him with God than by self-interest that likens him to the brute? Is it not due to its appeal to this desire to help others that the Salvation Army, crude and vulgar as it is, and wretchedly individualistic as is its theology, has won its real and substantial victories among the dissolute and depraved? No sooner was the attention of some poor wretch caught by the beating drums and singing lassies, and some secret spring in his heart touched by a plaintive voice and the pressure of a kind hand, than he was set to work to do something for one of his companions in misery. Two years ago I was in London, and went with Commissioner Smith, then at the head of the Social Wing of the Army, to a work-yard in Whitechapel. We reached the yard—a small open space in the midst of a number of rough buildings—a little after noon. A boy in the red shirt of the Army opened

the wooden gate, and we passed in under a covered archway. The first thing I saw was a group of fifty or sixty men gathered under the open sky in the middle of the yard, kneeling each on one knee, while one of the officers led the noon prayer-meeting held in all Salvation Army barracks and work-yards. As the crowd rose at a sign from the leader, I looked into their faces. Then I realized the desperate character of the work attempted: misshaped figures, pallid cheeks, lack-lustre eyes, gaping mouths, the scars of want and sin. Could anything be done for such as these? Among them one man was pointed out to me, a jail-bird, who had spent forty years out of his sixty-odd under lock and key. The keeper of the yard—a quiet, unassuming man—told me that this old fellow had come in the week before with another man. His companion after a day or two got out of temper with one of the officers, and was discharged. When the old convict heard that he was gone, he went away and put his arm up against the wall and hid his face in it and cried like a child. After a time he came back to the keeper and asked permission to go out and try and find the wanderer and give him another chance. The next Saturday night the permission was granted, and about ten o'clock he came back, bringing the other man with him, and his poor, bad old face all aglow with a new-found enthusiasm,—the enthusiasm of humanity. Suppose, for a moment, that that could be carried out on a grand scale; imagine some mighty movement that would lay hold upon the weakest and the worst and gather them up and send them forth to save their fellows, might there not be found a moral motive power that would be strong enough to lift men above themselves, above the cravings of their appetites, above their selfishness and their sin? And that is what must be sought by the new philanthropy. We used to stop with the negative half of the apostolic counsel, and say merely, "Let him that stole steal no more" (applying that, too, to small thieves, not to great ones; to men who stole bits of railroad iron, not to men who stole railroads; to those who stole the goose from the common, not who stole the common from the goose); we did a little better when we went on to say, "but rather let him labor"

(though we were not wisely careful to see that opportunity to labor was set free). We did better still when we learned to add, "working with his hands the thing that is good," and taught the manual arts; but now the spirit of the coming age is calling us to go forth even to the cadger and the crook, for they, too, are men, and bring to them the nobler summons of the full message, "Let him that stole steal no more, but rather let him labor, working with his hands the thing that is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth." That has, indeed, a ring about it that may well stir the dullest soul, for it makes the hard struggle against low desires something more than an exchange of one form of selfishness for another. But the call must come, not from the lips of two or three alone, but with the thunder of a great multitude, strong with the hope of a new and better world.

Leaving what has been said as merely illustrative, in a few instances, of how modern philanthropy fails to minister to the moral life of its beneficiaries, we must turn, if only for a moment, from considering the effects of alms-giving on the recipients to contemplate its results on its dispensers. One of the most patent facts about this side of the matter is, that the charities of the rich are an insurance which they pay for the security of their possessions and the continuance of their gains. Of late years the premium has risen somewhat, but the policy is still good. I do not mean to say that many people actually sit down to figure the thing out; but there is a sense of added security for wealthy people, "a soothing of their conscience and a calming of their fears," in knowing, or having reason to believe, that the poor are not quite starving. In the Middle Age, red-handed barons gave away large moneys to the poor out of their ill-gotten stores, in order to relieve their anticipations of reprisals made upon them in the *next* world; to-day, men do very much the same thing in view of possible reprisals in *this*. That is not in accordance with a very high morality: it is a contemptible combination of cowardice and greed. But worse still is the assistance to wilful ignorance and self-deception that alms-giving furnishes to the rich. This temptation to juggle with one's conscience is

not, of course, confined to the rich; but it attacks them in particularly subtle and alluring forms. There is so much at stake in the case of one possessed of a great deal of money, and the position in the world that that assures; to be brought to acknowledge that one's wealth is the result of injustice, even if it were not one's own, would lead to such frightful consequences; to confess that one is living on goods stolen from the very poor that it is so pleasant to patronize, would be so horribly humiliating; and to think of surrendering one's property would entail such social obloquy and involve the loss of so much social esteem,—that we cannot be surprised that people of this class instinctively close their minds to any argument that might lead to such painful conclusions. This is a sufficient explanation of the way in which men and women in the higher classes cling to some exploded theory like that of Malthus, and repeat some mere sophism that an unbiassed mind would dismiss at first sight. Hardly a week passes that we do not hear some feebly-stirring conscience, vaguely uncomfortable at foolish and wasteful luxury, lull itself to sleep again by repeating the well-worn formula, "Oh, well, it gives the poor work and keeps them from starving." If sarcasm is ever allowable, it certainly is in meeting such mere salvings of conscience as this. It would seem to be one of the occasions to which the Scripture refers when it says, "Answer a fool according to his folly." The following lines may not be familiar to you. They seem apposite:

"Now, Dives daily feasted and was gorgeously arrayed,—
Not at all because he liked it, but because 'twas good for trade;
That the people might have calico he clothed himself in silk,
And surfeited himself on cream that they might have more milk.
He fed five hundred servants that the poor might not lack bread,
And had his vessels made of gold that they might have more lead;
And e'en to show his sympathy with the *deserving* poor,
He did no useful work himself, that they might do the more."

Now, if this temptation to lend one's self to a pleasant delusion exists in some special degree among the rich, it would seem a duty to avoid anything that might add strength to the temptation. But this is just what the philanthropy of our present

state of things does. It enables wealthy men or women, without stinting themselves of a single thing that ministers to their comfort or enjoyment, to smother, under a host of benefactions and charities, the voice of conscience calling them to accept some unwelcome truth. Worse than this, these very charities draw forth a chorus of flattery and adulation, until the person is fairly bespattered with praise. The owner of fifty million dollars, who has not sufficient imagination to use more than a tenth of his income on all the gratifications he could fancy, gives fifty thousand dollars to a philanthropic effort. This for some of us would be about fifty cents; but for this deed of noble self-denial the man is lauded to the skies, and accorded the freedom of the city. It is very hard not to believe that what everybody says is true, especially when it is something that eases your conscience and makes you think yourself a remarkably fine man. This we reckon as another way in which modern philanthropy does not contribute to morality.

It were too long a task to enter into all the ways in which a philanthropy that will not acknowledge the fundamental iniquity of present conditions leads to other immoralities as well, but here is one other. While freely owning that many strikes are unjustifiable and wicked, it is not often confessed that there is about almost every strike a great deal that is heroic, unselfish, and, therefore, highly moral. Think of it. Here is a set of men receiving the highest wages in their trade, who for the sake and at the call of men they have never seen—men who have never done anything for them, and who they have reason to think would do nothing for them in like circumstances—are ready at a moment's notice to quit their work, their only means of subsistence, and face poverty and hunger, some of them, perhaps, imprisonment and death. How many rich men would do as much for their dearest friends? But philanthropy, the philanthropy of the present, has no sympathy for such morality as this. It never stops to ask whether the strike is not for a righteous cause,—whether it may not have arisen, as I have known to be the case, from a demand for the discharge of a foreman who had seduced one

of the factory-girls, and was trying to seduce another,—but condemns all strikes indiscriminately, and refuses aid even to the women and children who have had no part in the matter. I said that all philanthropy did this; I am glad to say *that* is not true. During the great dock-strike in London in 1889, the Oxford University Mission in the East of London did a large relief-work among the strikers, and thereby lost a number of rich friends and gained a great many poor ones. I would remind those who do not agree with this part of my paper that the Church has not often of late erred in this direction.

Nor is this all. Much modern philanthropy not only fails to recognize the morality involved in men standing by each other in resistance to what they believe to be unjust on the part of the corporations that exploit them, but deliberately declares that to qualify himself for the receipt of charity a man must throw overboard any regard for the industrial welfare of his fellows, and be willing to work for the benevolent society or philanthropic individual for less than other men in the same trade are working, for less than would afford a self-respecting man a livelihood. And, not satisfied with this, many philanthropic institutions, especially those which profess to be of a religious character, pay their servants and employés less than the majority of laborers receive for like service, have their buildings erected by "scab" bricklayers, and their printing done by "bum" printers.

There are many shams in our modern religionism. I know of few more loathsome than the hypocrisy of the lady-managers (what a singularly suggestive title!) of an orphan asylum worth a half a million of dollars, who expect a hired nurse-girl to be content with less than a private family would pay, because she is working, as they say, "for the Lord,"—so afraid that she will not lay up sufficient treasure in heaven that they rob her of half her wages on earth, and, while they tell her in unctuous phrases that "it's all for the good of the dear little children," neglect to print her name among the benefactors of the "institution," though the proportion to her income of what she perforce contributes entitles her to head the list.

Many of the trustees of such "Homes" profess an unbounded faith in the Bible. It would be well for them to show by their works that they believe that "God loveth a cheerful giver," and that the denunciation upon "those who build their houses by robbery and their chambers by wrong," in the under-payment of carpenters and masons, was not written only for Jews of three thousand years ago.

But it is time that we stopped and asked, "What if all this is true? What cure do you propose? Or do you want to abandon all charitable efforts and let things take their course, and natural laws work themselves out in their own relentless way?" I believe that morality must precede philanthropy. Before we can do good we must do right. We must hunger and thirst after justice before we can be merciful. It is not that, as the old, lumbering, Calvinist theology taught, Justice is opposed to Mercy, but that Mercy without Justice will not be Mercy, even as we cannot really do good unless we are striving to do right. "The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel," says the Bible, and it has been proved true over and over again. If we ignore the right and start out merely to do good to people, we shall before long make ourselves the judges of the good; we shall be saying (how many a philanthropist has come at last to say it!), "These people do not know what is really good for them; but I do, and if they will not voluntarily take what will do them good and is meant to make them happy, I will see that they do so under compulsion." And when that has once been said there is no atrocity that may not find shelter under that specious pretext. And from those who go forth to their fellows with the intent of forcing upon them the selfish conceits of their own minds, may a God of justice deliver His bleeding and defenceless children!

The first thing to settle clearly, then, is that we must first of all be right ourselves, and then do the right regardless of consequences. This is, and has been, and for ever and ever will be, the best thing for rich or poor, for high and low. It may be that the doing of the right will bring sorrow and pain upon us and upon others, but the mere escaping from present misery or the saving others from it is not the best thing for them or for us.

The author of that most painstaking book, "Life and Labor of the People in East London," has one sentence so sad and yet so unflinchingly true that it will serve to illustrate what I mean better, perhaps, than anything else at hand. The paragraph is headed "Dr. Barnardo's Homes." It reads as follows: "The work of Dr. Barnardo is most remarkable. There is, I believe, nothing in the world like it. I need not describe either his methods or their results. They are well known. With its motto, 'Save the Boy,' a large and symmetrical structure has been built up, stone by stone, each stone an individual case of child-destitution. The only remark I would offer is that, with such dimensions as Dr. Barnardo's work has assumed, special dangers show themselves. His intervention may begin to be counted on, and, if so, it will finally stand convicted as the cause of misery."

To say that we must put morality before philanthropy is, after all, to repeat in other words what has been said elsewhere, that we must infuse into our emotional philanthropy the element of a true rationality. When we have come to recognize that there is a Divine Purpose in the world, that a great plan is working itself out, then we shall be more anxious to have our whole lives, our thoughts as well as our deeds, brought into harmony with it, than to engage in well-meaning efforts that may turn out to be rather a hinderance to the true order than a help. We must not try to cure symptoms, but attack the seat of the disease, even if we find it in our own hearts. This is what Henry Thoreau taught us thirty years ago. "He felt," says his latest biographer, Mr. Salt, "that philanthropy is not love for one's fellow-man in the broadest sense; not the flower and fruit of a man's character, but only the stem and the leaves; not the constant superfluity of his benevolence, but a partial and transitory act in which there is frequently too large an admixture of self-consciousness." Then, quoting from Thoreau, "there are a thousand hacking at the branches of evil to one who is striking at the root, and it may be that he who bestows the largest amount of time and money on the needy is doing the most, by his mode of life, to produce the misery which he strives in vain to relieve. Some show

their kindness to the poor by employing them in their kitchens. Would they not be kinder to employ themselves there?"

Agreement is assumed, then, in the proposition that we must *be* right and *do* right in order to *do* good; that if "Conduct is three-fourths of life," Character is the whole of it.

But Right is founded upon Truth; it is the Truth gone into operation. Now, the Truth that underlies our actions towards others is the relation we hold with others. What we can all do at once is to awake to a consciousness of these relations and begin to correspond to them in our dealings with the cook and the waiting-maid, the clerk and the cash-girl, the railway conductor and the telegraph-boy, the factory-operative, the dressmaker, the newspaper reporter, as well as the beggar and the charity "case."

When a distinguished visitor told an amusing story at Charles Kingsley's dinner-table, after laughing heartily at it Kingsley turned abruptly to his wife as though a sudden thought had occurred to him, and said, "My dear, I'm sure that Mary would enjoy that story very much; will you ring for her to come up? I know that Mr. So-and-so won't mind telling it again." Not only the obligation, but the joy, of thus entering into natural and real relations with others, rather than trying to create artificial and strained relations as dole-dispensers and friendly visitors, is being brought home in many ways to many hearts. When we have learned to value the friendship of the woman who washes our clothes and the man who carts off our rubbish, we shall find it easier to understand our neighbors, whether poor or rich.

But, in this world of past mistakes and present temptations, to do right requires also that we stop doing wrong. More and more clearly is the truth perceived, that in order that men may have freedom to live, they must have freedom of access to the source of life,—to the earth which the Lord hath given, not to certain favored individuals or classes, but to "the children of men." If the land of a nation belongs to the people of that nation, then there can hardly be a deeper underlying evil than the monopoly on the part of a few of the

common heritage of all. It is that evil which we, in this new and apparently boundless country, are called to face. To remove the wrong of private property in land will not require any absurd attempt to reapportion the soil; but it will require the collection of the rental values of land, irrespective of improvements, as the fund from which the expenses of the city, state, and nation shall be met. Until we make that change we are wronging every landless or unemployed or ill-paid person in the nation, and we shall be baffled in all our efforts to do them good.

Tolstoi says, "The present position which we, the educated and well-to-do classes, occupy is that of the old man of the sea riding on the poor man's back, only, unlike the old man of the sea, we are sorry for the poor man, very sorry. And we will do almost anything for the poor man's relief; we will not only supply him with food enough to keep on his legs, but we will provide him with cooling draughts concocted on strictly scientific principles; we will teach and instruct him and point out to him the beauties of the landscape; we will discourse sweet music to him and give him lots of good advice. Yes, we will do almost anything for the poor man, anything but get off his back."

The words are sharp, but are they any more searching than these of Henry Thoreau, from whom I just quoted? "If I devote myself," he says, "to other pursuit and contemplation" (than the simple common labor of every-day life), "I must first see, at least, that I do not pursue them sitting upon another man's shoulders. I must get off him first, that he may pursue his contemplation, too."

Only let us remember that we are so involved with others in our political and economic life that we cannot free ourselves from the shame of this injustice, however we may see and detect it; we can only do our best to bring home the horror of it to other individuals, until the whole community is stung with the sense of its own misery, and, like Samson, breaks the bands that bind it down. That will not be a war of classes, but a struggle of the whole people to be free. And if we are to stir others to enlist in this campaign against

the monopoly of the very earth and air and light, we must make all we do to meet the immediate wants of the needy or the suffering contribute to the propaganda of reform. We must still feed the hungry and clothe the naked, but we shall try and show them, if we can, whence hunger and nakedness proceed; we may open orphanages and shelters, but they will be training-schools for the new age; we may go down into the slums, but we shall remember the words of the dying Pestalozzi, "I lived like a beggar, that beggars might learn to live like men," and feel that our best mission is to show the poor how to make slums impossible.

In closing, it seems best to provide against possible misunderstanding by saying that in speaking of morality I have not meant merely a system of ethics or a code of manners. I have set forward morality as at once deeper and loftier than philanthropy, as furnishing philanthropy with its only foundation and its truest guide, because I believe that in order to bless the world we must first of all do the will of God. That requirement covers the whole field of duty, for it claims the whole man. Nor do I for a moment dream that we shall find a ground on which to resist legalized wrong and the despotism of vested interests, until we have discovered that behind *laws* there is a changeless and righteous law, and that even if the "highest crime be written in the highest law of the land," it may yet be known and branded as a crime, because there is in the souls of even plain and ordinary men the witness to an eternal right.

Nor does it seem probable that in the future, any more than in the past, will men be able to recognize an absolute law without an absolute law-giver, or an eternal right apart from an eternal will,—not indeed a self-will, a will to live, but a sacrificial will, a will to love. And speaking out of my own experience, I do not find a sufficient safeguard against the taking of my own conceits for truth, and my own desires for right, or a sufficient support against selfishness and pride in my own heart, and a basis on which to bid other men to resist those disturbing passions in themselves, save as I acknowledge that the unseen righteousness and love are manifested in a word

of God made flesh in Jesus Christ, the Head of humanity, the Ruler of a visible and enduring kingdom in which love and law are one.

And if the philanthropy that now calls us is a philanthropy that rests upon a recognition of universal relations among all men, I cannot think that it should refuse to declare to all men the foundation of those relations in Him Who is in His One Person very Man and very God, the centre of human society, because He is the presence in human society of Truth and Right and Love.

JAMES O. S. HUNTINGTON, O.H.C.

INTERNATIONAL QUARRELS AND THEIR SETTLEMENT.

THE question of the probability of peace or war is always with us, and we may therefore view with satisfaction the increasing interest which those who now wield the decisive power in electoral battles are taking in proposals for the abatement and possible ultimate abolition of war. Quarrels are as old as the world, and there is no doubt that Sir Charles Napier was as accurate when he described man as a fighting animal as was Sir Henry Maine in speaking of peace as a modern invention. The question which is beginning to exercise many minds which till recently would have let it pass unheeded is, how we can most readily extend the application of this new invention, and make it, moreover, as an invention should be, labor-saving and money-saving,—how, having regard to actually existing circumstances, the world can retrench its war preparation and lighten the burden which is now imposed.

Not only was war a natural condition of primitive society, but a comparison of ancient and modern warfare shows that, on the whole, we have developed towards more humane rules in our quarrels. Possibly writers on international law are prone to belittle Grecian and Roman ideas of international